

156 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE
TEIPSUM! [^ui^'*

So^Ti?⁶ If Slie doth then the subtle. Sense excel,
Se^n Tent How gross are they, that drown
her in the blood ! peratuS" Or in the
Body's humours tempered well! Humoursof
As if in them, such high perfection stood.
the Body

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best and best-tuned
instrument! As if the pencil neat, and
colours clear Had power to make the
painter excellent

Why doth not Beauty then refine the Wit ?
And good Complexion rectify the Will ?
Why doth not Health bring Wisdom still
with it ? Why doth not Sickness make
men brutish still ?

Who can in Memory, or Wit, or Will;
Or Air! or Fire ' or Earth ' or Water
find ! What alchemist can draw,
with all his skill, The Quintessence
of these, out of the Mind ?

If th'Elements (which have, nor Life, nor
Sense) Can breed in us so great a
power as this ! Why give they not
themselves, like excellency, Or other
things wherein their mixture is ?

If She were but the Body's quality
Then would She be, with it, sick ! maimed !
and blind ! But we perceive, when these
privations be, A healthy, perfect, and sharp-
sighted Mind!

If She, the Body's nature did partake,
Her strength would, with the Body's
strength decay ; But when the Body's
strongest sinews slake, Then is the Soul
most active ! quick ! and gay !

If She were but the Body's accident,
And her sole Being did in it subsist
As white in snow ; She might herself
absent! And in the Body's substance
not the mist.